

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II.

BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1806.

No. 29.

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FOR THE EDITOR.

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The progress which the ancients had made in science was by no means inconsiderable. The elements of most modern improvements in physical and ethical studies were perhaps possessed by the philosophers of Greece and Rome. They left indeed much to be investigated. They often wasted the most powerful efforts in pursuit of devious courses, which terminated only in error, but still they opened those paths of science which have since been more successfully traced, and the disciple of modern schools is often surprised in meeting in the works of the ancients with hints of knowledge which he had considered as the exclusive possession of the philosophy of a more recent period.

The vast importance of ancient literature at the period of its revival, if considered only as a source of scientific instruction, is indisputable. The world had for centuries

been almost retrograde in knowledge, and if the tide had been already turned, it was still far below the mark of its former ascent. It was the lot therefore of the moderns in every science to be the scholars of the ancients, and their happiness, at so critical a period, to meet with such instructors.

They were not backward to acknowledge their obligations, and discern their interest. Never was an object sought with greater ardour than the restoration of learning. Italy led the way in this honourable pursuit, and soon communicated the emulation to the adjoining nations.

The state of things is now greatly changed. Three centuries of rigorous and uninterrupted improvement have placed the moderns far above their masters. The rotations of space and number have been pursued and applied to an astonishing extent. The general properties of matter have been successfully investigated in theory, and extensively applied to practice. Substances have been brought to the test of examination, which in their usual state are so subtle as to elude the notice of our senses.—The earth has been explored to an extent far exceeding the limits of ancient discovery. We are not strangers even to the regions of space. The structure of our own globe has been minutely examined so far as it is accessible to human industry. Its products have been ingeniously classified, and are thus brought more easily under the mental view. Many of their useful properties have been discovered. Man is more intimately acquainted with his own nature, both corporeal and intellectual. Even in the intricate regions of metaphysics, something like certainty has been attained; we are taught the strength and weakness of our own faculties; the limits of scepticism and decision, and the first principles that form the postulates of knowledge. The structure and use of languages have been usefully illustrated. The powers of the human mind have been accurately distinguished; the

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

*Should the following trifle be deemed worthy your attention,
it is at your disposal.*

TO ROSALIND.

Ah ! would fair Rosalinda deign
In humble state to dwell,
The world despise, and with her swain
Bid pageantry farewell.

'Tis not the beauties of her face,
Her form that I admire,
No—'tis a lovely nameless grace,
That fed my fond desire.

'Tis that which age can ne'er destroy,
'Tis Rosalinda's mind,
That sweet perfection ne'er can cloy,
'Tis sense with sweetness join'd.

Then come, my lovely Rosalind,
Superfluous wealth despise,
With Edwin be content to live,
Who knows thy worth to prize.

FROM THE KISSES OF BONEFONIUS—KISS XV.

TO PANCHARIS.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

Ah ! why my sweet girl, dost thou fly from these arms
Over rocks and o'er deserts to stray ?
Where each riotous satyr may rifle thy charms,
And steal all thy roses away ?

Ah ! guard them, my love, with solicitous care,
Let them blossom unfaded for me ;
Nor forget, when alone thou shalt wander afar,
The sad shepherd that sorrows for thee.

Old age o'er my head, has not scatter'd his snows ;
Nor with icicles frozen my heart ;
Through every vein my blood cheerily flows,
Good humour and health to impart.
No sullen indifference deadens my eye,
No moroseness encircles my brow ;
Sensibility sometimes solicits a sigh
—And a tear when I think upon you !

Ah ! spare her ye fauns ! spare the girl of my soul,
Let her roam unmolested and free ;
Nor with plundering sickle, unfeelingly spoil,
The rich harvest that's ripening for me.
But why over rock and o'er desert away,
Dost thou seek to escape from my view ?
Ah Pancharis ! trust me wherever you stray,
There shall I with impatience pursue.

In vain shall the hollow winds riot around,
Or the lightnings insultingly flash ;
Or the thunder-clap shake with convulsions the ground,
And each cavern re-echo the crash :
In vain o'er my head shall the ragged rock scowl,
And the cataract double its force ;
No danger shall daunt my inflexible soul,
Nor impede my impetuous course.

But perhaps, my sweet girl, thou mayst love me e'en now,
And this coyness, perhaps, is to prove,
How sincere was the spirit that breath'd in my vow,
And how true is the language of love ;
Ah ! Pancharis, how many proofs have I given,
And how many yet have in store ?
Go number the stars that enamel the heaven,
Or the sands that are wash'd on the shore ;
Count how many dew-drops bespangle the thorn ;
In yon field count the kernels that wave ;
Count the myriads that live in each beam of the morn,
And that find in each evening a grave !

Then pity, ah ! pity this languishing moan,
And kindly attend to my pray'r ;
No more, my sweet girl, let me sorrow alone,
And pour the sad sigh of despair !
But ah ! my lov'd Pancharis flies from these arms,
Over rocks and o'er deserts to stray ;
There each ruffian satyr will rifle her charms
And steal all her roses away.

CANZONET.

[From Lord STRANGFORD's Translation of the Poems of CAMOENS.]

"A DAMA QUE JURAVA PELOS SEUS OLHOS."

THE LADY WHO SWORE BY HER EYES.

"Quando me quiz enganar
"A minha bella perjura." &c.

When the girl of my heart is on perjury bent,
The sweetest of oaths hides the falsest intent,
And suspicion abash'd, from her company flies,
When she smiles like an angel—and swears by her eyes.

For in them such magic, she knows, is display'd,
That a tear can convince, and a look can persuade ;
And she thinks that I dare not, or cannot refuse
To believe on their credit whate'er she may chuse.

But I've learn'd from the painful experience of youth,
That vehement oaths never constitute truth ;
And I've studied those treacherous eyes, and I find
They are mutable signs of a mutable mind.

Then, dear one I'd rather, thrice rather believe
Whate'er you assert, even though to deceive,
Than that you "by your eyes" should so wickedly swear,
And sin against heaven—for heaven is there.

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principles of social and individual happiness have been developed with no inconsiderable success, though we are not yet sufficiently wise to make the best use of our discoveries.

We no longer resort therefore to the ancients for instruction in science, because an ordinary proficient in modern education might communicate information to Plato and Aristotle. In defending the importance of classical learning, we must now proceed upon other principles. The ancient languages are the keys of ancient history. Within the circuit of the Greek and Latin tongues is preserved by far the principal part of the information we possess respecting the most interesting portions of the world, from the earliest memorials of history till the decline of the ancient civilization.

In the languages of Greece and Rome we possess authors of consummate and unrivalled excellence in some of the departments of literature, who still remain our best models in their respective branches of composition. If the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle are consigned to neglect; the poetry of Homer and Virgil; the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero; the histories of Herodotus, and Thucydides, Livy and Tacitus, still retain an acknowledged pre-eminence.

The structure of the ancient languages, so different from that of our own, and in many respects so superior, is alone a subject of curious and important investigation to the philosophical grammarian.

One science especially will acknowledge its obligations to ancient learning, some of the most important doctrines connected with the subject of theology, are principally founded on historic facts; the evidence of which is transmitted by authors who have written in the ancient languages.

Lastly, criticism is capable of becoming a very interesting and engaging employment, as is sufficiently proved in the well known attachment of the votaries of this study to the objects of their pursuit; and where it is not permitted to encroach on the discharge of more serious duties. The pleasure which it affords may surely be regarded as more than an innocent gratification.

ALPHABET DE L'AMOUR.

Ardeur. La timidité exprime moins et prouve davantage.
Baiser. Le recevoir est quelque chose, le prendre vaut mieux, l'obtenir, de l'amour, est un des plus doux présents qu'il puisse faire.

Coufiance. On la perd quand on aime et on l'acquiert, l'homme le plus coufiant tremble de déplaire, et le plus réservé confie tout à sa maitresse.

Depit. Delateur de l'amour; avant coureur du raccommodement; il hate la defaite, varie les scenes, embellit les femmes, et donnent une ridicule aux hommes; parce qu'ils y mettent plus d'apret et moins de graces.

Esperance. Les amans la perde facilement, l'out il perdue, ils esperent encore.

Fidelite. Les femmes sont generalement plus fideles, et les hommes plus constans, c'est que les unes sont plus maitresses de leurs sens, et les autres plus maitres de leurs coeur.

Gaité. Une tristesse interessante peut fait naître l'amour, mais la gaité seule le conserve.

Humeur. Fils du caprice—tous les deux sont insupportables dans les hommes, et presque necessaire aux femmes pour retenir leurs conquetes.

Inconstance. Elle attache l'homme qui ne consulte que ses sens; elle eloigne celui qui aime de bonne fois, et ne consulte que son coeur.

Jalousie. Lorsque elle vient d'une exces de modestie elle flatte, et si la douceur l'accompagne elle touche, mais quand elle nait de l'egoisme et la defiance, elle desesperere et humilie toute à la fois.

Jouissance lors qu'en se refuse tout, on meurt d'inanition, et lorsque on se permet trop, on finit par le degout.

Larmes. Dangereuses dans de certains hommes; trop communes chez les femmes; n'embellissant que les jolies et prouvant peu de chose.

Malheur. Le bon temps! disait une femme d'esprit; mon Dieu que, j'étois malheureuse!

Nouvelles. N'en demander jamais aux amoureux; ils ignorent tout, hors ce qui les regarde.

Orages. Il est impossible de les eviter, mais le soleil doit luire apres.

Plaies. Gardez vous d'en faire, aux coeurs que vous aimez, elles se ferment, mais la cicatrice reste; et trop souvent s'ouverte; il se forme une calus, qui rende l'endroit insensible.

Question. Il y-en a qu'on ne doit jamais risquer, quand on aime.

Raison. Elle est dit on incompatible avec l'amour, mais lorsqu'elle n'ent justifie pas l'objet, la constance devient impossible.

Secret. Dites hardiment le votre à deux amans; ils l'oublieront bientôt, pour ne penser qu'au leur.

Temps. Il detruit l'amour; aidé de l'habitude il l'affermement.

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Union. Pour être heureux, l'amour ne doit qu'avertir, l'estime décider et les complaisances doivent l'entretenir. Viellier. On dit que le cœur ne vieillit point : tant pis ! c'est tout ce qu'il a de mieux à faire, quand le reste n'est plus jeune.

Zephirs. Ils servent les amans et les poètes, et quelque fois rendent les uns jaloux, et les autres ennuyeux.

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THE OBSERVER—No. 2.

*Millions of suppliant crowds, the shrine attend,  
And all degrees, before the goddess bend ;  
The poor, the rich, the valliant and the sage  
And boasting youth, and narrative old age  
Their pleas were different, their request the same,  
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.*

TEMPLE OF FAME.

The love of Fame is that which excites all ambition to do well, and perhaps from it may be derived, every excellence to which the human powers have attained. It is amusing to consider this thirst for distinction, in all its ramifications, and to observe the influence it produces on various minds : Warriors, statesmen, poets, philosophers, it is to the desire of Fame we owe them all : and whilst the lords of the creation are roused to action by the inspirations of this passion—the softer sex are not insensible to its incitements.

In the sober days of our grand-mothers, the ladies generally aspired to renown, by aiming at superior skill in domestic affairs : But fashion, which changes all things, has also changed the path to female glory. To be perfectly ignorant of all useful information ; whether she has ear or not, and no matter what havoc she may commit amongst the sharps, flats and naturals, to *play* on the piano, is indispensable ; to dress herself à la Grecque, that is, scarcely dress herself at all ; to be the first in every new fashion, and have all the coxcombs of the day in her train, these are the paths to distinction for a modern belle.

At a watering place across the Atlantic, which I visited en philosophe two or three years ago, I had infinite amusement, in observing, the competitors for Fame's proud honours amongst the ladies. Whilst I was there, a heroine arrived in the town, whose celebrity had reached "from Dan even unto Beersheba." This fair damsel had out done all her rivals ; her fame resounded from place to place ; wherever she arrived, she might say with Cæsar, I came, I saw, and conquered. No heart however obdurate, could withstand her ; the various Cupids that played around her, would have banished insensibility from the breast, of the most determined stoic. The first

time I beheld the dangerous nymph was at an assembly, where she appeared with a flowing drapery thrown over her person, which sometimes she'd raise above her face, and then anon, the veil would fall, and like Aurora, breaking through the clouds, she stood confest, before her admiring beholders, in all the radiant blaze of beauty.—And no less did this matchless fair excel her sex, in mental, than in personal endowments. As St. Paul recommends she was "all things unto all *men*"—with the grave divine she'd talk of Moses and the Prophets—with the philosopher she'd soar into the regions of science, describe the orbits of the planets, (luckless wight that came within her orbit) she'd speak of the gas's with the chymist, talk of commerce with the merchant ; with the sentimental swain she'd wander along the banks of purling streams, and while her maid, was wasting the midnight lamp, preparing her robes of gaudiest splendour, she'd charm the ear of some listening Strephon, painting the joys of rural life, moralizing on the inutility of riches, and drawing the scene of her wished for happiness in a thatch built cot, at the foot of a lofty mountain, where herself, and the thrice happy mortal, that should be blessed with her hand, would retire from the tumultuous world, and "draw on each others stock of information," for winging with delight, the passing hours : with women, she would condescend to hold no converse, except with those to whom policy compelled her to descend, that she might obtain an introduction into society. As I am a modest man, and should not have ventured to prefer my suit amongst such a phalanx of rivals, I withdrew from the place very soon after, that my heart's repose might not be altogether destroyed by the charms of this fair perfection.

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*Ut pictura, poesis ; erit quæ, si propius stes,
Te capiat magis ; & quædam, si longius abstes.
Hæc amat obscurum ; volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen ;
Hæc placuit semel ; hæc decies repetita placebit.*

HORACE ART OF POETRY.

Poems, like pictures are ; some charm when nigh,
Others at distance more delight your eye :
That loves the shade, this tempts a stronger light,
And challenges the critic's piercing sight :
That gives us pleasure for a single view ;
And this ten times repeated, still is new.

FRANCIS'S TRANSLATION.

Mr. Easy,

The stage, when properly regulated, is a source of the most elegant and refined improvement. The masterly delineations of the poet, in the mouth of the graceful ac-

tor, form too powerful an appeal to our best feelings, not to be productive of signal and lasting effects. The abstract maxim of the philosopher is, as it were, embodied in the lofty conception of the poet; and its beginning, its progress and end, are made visible by a more striking example than nature herself could have furnished. In the golden days of Greece, when she was distinguished by every illustrious achievement of genius, the drama was not among the least cultivated of the arts. Two poets of distinguished rank applied themselves to this department of composition, and from the exquisite specimens they have left us, we cannot but form the highest opinion of the Athenian stage. An inviolable regard to truth, a warm attachment to the cause of virtue, not less than the sublimest poetry, distinguish the writings of Sophocles and Euripides. It was the aim of the ancient tragedian to give his piece that awful impression upon the heart that would eventually mould it to nobleness and virtue. *Œdipus*, at one moment, enjoying the summit of human grandeur, and in the next, sunk to the lowest depth of human misery, reminds us of the uncertainty of human events; while the ferocious, but unfortunate *Medea*, is a warning to those who are the slaves of ungovernable and licentious passions. The Greek language, by its copiousness and harmony, so elegantly adapted to every species of composition, gave the ancient dramatist a decided superiority over the modern; besides, the chorus, which is an appendage, wholly wanting to our drama, enabled him to condense a greater variety of circumstances into his piece, and to embellish it with all the charms of poetry and music. Thus did tragedy for a long time continue to flourish in Athens, and the stage, not less than the Lyceum, to instruct and reform mankind. The Roman theatre, which succeeded the Grecian, presents little worthy the attention of criticism; and it was not till a long series of dark, barbarous ages had elapsed, that tragedy shone out again with its ancient splendor in England & France. The writers of the French school, with some alterations, copied after the Grecian model; but their pieces are eminently defective in costume. They perhaps conformed themselves too much to the taste of their nation, and were unwilling to draw after the noble originals of nature. It is for this reason, that a foreigner cannot relish their pieces, which are founded upon ancient story, where modern manners supply the place of that dignified simplicity which marked the characters of old. *Achilles*, in the *Iphigene* of Racine, talks like a French gallant, and *Phædra* has all the airs of a modern coquette; nevertheless, it must be allowed, that the

polished graces of language, beauty of sentiment, and a rapture that seizes irresistably on the heart, are the distinguishing characteristics of Corneille, Racine and Voltaire. Long before tragedy had made this near approach to perfection in France, England was not neglected by the genius of dramatic poetry: there, had appeared a poet second to none of his predecessors; a poet within whose works are comprised more variety of character, more masterly exhibitions of human passions, and loftier flights of human genius, than are to be found in the writings of any poet, whatever. This extraordinary man was Shakespeare. But his works, while they present us with the proudest monument of native genius, are marked by its aberrations and eccentricities. "I cannot say," says Mr. Dryden, "Shakespeare is every where alike. Were he so, I should do him wrong to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat—his comic wit degenerating into clénches—his serious swelling into bombast." Few among the imitators of this great poet have been successful. Mr. Addison's *Cato* will be admired, while propriety of sentiment and the highest graces of diction have any charms. But he wanted that amplitude and enterprize of genius, so necessary to give tragedy its full and complete effect. It may perhaps be asserted with truth, that in most departments of polite literature, the present age is equal to the most brilliant ones that have preceded it. Cowper and Darwin are names to be placed on a par with our best poets. History has been successfully cultivated; style in general has improved, and good writing upon every subject is more frequently to be met with, than it was some centuries ago. The stage alone has seemed to decline; and so long is it since we have had a tragedy capable of satisfying a refined and cultivated taste, that many have pronounced the vein to be fairly worked out, and that we are not to expect any thing above mediocrity in the higher kinds of dramatic composition.

These thoughts were suggested to me the other night, at the performance of Mr. Lewis's *Castle Spectre*; a play which glaringly exhibits all the faults with which the modern drama stands charged. Mr. Lewis himself seems to have been sensible of this, when he says, "In spite of the favourable reception which it has met with, I am conscious that my tragedy may be charged with a thousand inconsistencies, and is full of all faults, of all sizes and denominations; but those faults are too radical to admit of correction, and too glaring to render their enumeration necessary." This is one of the most singular compliments surely that an author could have paid

his audience correct. rous to and str be attrib a drama we may racter a principle and even are pleas in propor tion, on curately ters, in d audience ment, b must sei lofty, dar ling capt heart ren erful imp strongly to produc not feel h ciple by their action Mr. Le this traged not too lo should eve appropriat ny of vers and all be measured of comedy the dignity Mr. Easy It is a sa incapable are always exists not being adde female. breast of w increase of most pernicious attempted,

his audience. Mr. Lewis's witticism is nevertheless perfectly correct. The inconsistencies of character are too numerous to allow of, and too glaring to require enumeration; and strange as it may seem, the success of the play may be attributed to these very inconsistencies. When we read a dramatic work leisurely and deliberately in our closet, we may examine the composition of each separate character attentively: having then discovered the leading principle of action, we apply it to each particular situation and event, and are able to anticipate its operation. We are pleased in proportion to its activity, and disappointed in proportion to its supineness. At a dramatic representation, on the contrary we have no time to compare very accurately the sentiments and actions of the same characters, in different situations. An author must not allow his audience to reason; he must not appeal to their judgment, but to their feelings. In the serious drama he must seize upon the attention, and fasten it to deeds of lofty, daring, and frightful atrocity; or must lead it a willing captive among scenes of melting tenderness and heart rending woe; he must produce a sudden and powerful impression, and it is no very difficult task to draw a strongly marked character, and one of course calculated to produce such an impression, where an author does not feel himself bound to pay attention to unity of principle by which the sentiments of men are dictated and their actions regulated.

Mr. Lewis, in common with many others, has written this tragedy in prose, a fault against which criticism cannot too loudly protest. The diction of the tragic muse should ever be as lofty as her sentiments: to give them appropriate utterance, they require the pomp and harmony of verse; poetry should bestow on them all her grace and all her grandeur. There is a meanness in the unmeasured dialogue which suits very well the familiarity of comedy, but which appears to me, to derogate from the dignity of tragedy.

~~~~~  
*Mr. Easy,*

It is a sad reproach to the female world that as they are incapable of drinking deep of the Castalian waters, they are always dangerous smatterers in knowledge. There exists not an instance on record of one noble discovery being added to human science, through the exertions of a female. Vanity holds so predominant a sway in the breast of woman, and is so prone to distend itself at every increase of knowledge, that science becomes with her a most pernicious acquisition. Abstruse learning is seldom attempted, but at the expence of her modesty and good

sense, and her increase in vanity is always commensurate with that of her knowledge. The soft unassuming air of modesty is renounced for the brow of arrogance and presumption, and the timid bashful virgin starts up into the formidable disputant. Pardon me my fair ones; think not that these are the effusions of a heart dead to all the numerous host of female attractions; it is the language of one who feels and owns the powerful enchantment of your charms. Indeed, I have often wondered that woman, who unites in herself so many more powerful instruments of persuasion, should ever have recourse to any weapon of logic. A single glance from her can disarm the united powers of wisdom, and a smile has often achieved more than the most elaborate and well conducted argument.

Yet when I approach  
Her loveliness so absolute she seems,  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded. Wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shews,  
Authority and reason on her wait.  
As one intended first—not after made  
Occasionally: and to consummate all  
Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat,  
Build in her loveliest and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic placed. MILTON.

If we compare the constitution of woman with that of man, we shall find the former made up of more delicate parts, more harmoniously arranged, and consequently adapted to a greater variety of finer and more exquisite movements. Her bosom is the dwelling of every soft and gentle affection, her heart vibrates to the slightest impulse of sympathy and love, and she is feelingly alive to the loftiest raptures of poetry and music; but formed with weaker powers of reason than man, she is less capable of resisting the enchantment of her imagination and passions, and is often the slave of prejudice; hence she is incapable of philosophic research, and hence timidity and suspicion are the genuine characteristics of the sex.

In the laborious and arduous walks of science we may, I think, justly claim the pre-eminence; but in the more sprightly flourishes of the mind, women are undoubtedly our superiors. In the captivating graces of epistolary composition, France boasts her Sevigne and England her Montague. But not to mention the Sapphos, the Aspasia's and the Collonnas of former times, let me only name the accomplished — who unites in herself the talents of them all. In easy badinage, an occasional play-



fulness of wit, and all the lighter exertions of the fancy and taste woman is peculiarly fitted to excel. But when she attempts the critic and philosopher, nature is outraged; man revolts at a monster so unnatural in the creation, and exclaims with the Roman poet—*O sit mihi non doctissima consors.* \*

TIBULLUS.

\* From a learned wife, ye Gods deliver me.

*Interesting account of the Character and Political State*  
**OF THE MODERN GREEKS.**

(Continued from page 221.)

“The empress received them very graciously, and promised them the assistance they asked. They were then conducted to the apartments of her grand-sons, and offering to kiss the hand of the eldest grand duke, Alexander, he pointed to his brother Constantine, telling them, it was to him that they were to address themselves; they represented to him in Greek the object of their mission, and concluded by doing homage to him as their emperor. He answered them in the same language, ‘Go, and let every thing be according to your wishes.’

“With this memorial they presented a plan of operation, from which I shall extract only a few particulars: They proposed, after the empress had furnished them with cannon, and enabled them to augment the squadron under Lambro Canziani, and sent them engineers to conduct the siege of strong places, to begin their first operations by marching from Sulli, where the congress was held, and whence they had a correspondence with all Greece. Their route was to be first to Livadia and to Athens, dividing into two corps. In their march they were to be joined at appointed places by troops from the Morea and Negroponte. To this Island the fleet of Lambro was to sail. They were then to proceed in one body to Thessalia and to the city of Salonichi, where they would receive large reinforcements from Macedonia.—The whole army being then assembled, they were to march to the plains of Adrianople, with (as they calculated) three hundred thousand men, to meet the Russians, and proceed to Constantinople, where they hoped the Russian fleet would be arrived from the Crim; if not, they esteemed their own force sufficient to take that city, and drive the Turks out of Europe and their islands.

“In this plan the establishment and the disposition of magazines, and retreats in case of disaster, were provided for. The force of the Turks in different parts, and the different movements to oppose them were calculated. All their resources, and the amount of the troops each

place had engaged to furnish, were plainly stated, as well as the means they had adopted to carry on a secret correspondence with all parts of the country, both with respect to their own allies and the movements of the Turks. To enter more into particulars would not be justifiable in me.

“The empress sent them to the army in Moldavia, to prince Potemkin, giving them 1,000 ducats for their journey thither. They left St. Petersburg the  $\frac{24}{3}$  May 1790. In August they were sent to Greece by the way of Vienna, and major general Tamara with them to superintend the whole expedition, and furnish them with the assistance they required.

“It merits attention, that the king of Prussia had posted an army of 150,000 men, in June 1790, on the frontier of Bohemia; that the convention of Reichenbach was signed the 27th of July. The sentiments of the court of London respecting the war, and its probable interference in as serious a way as Prussia had done, were known at St. Petersburg. It is to these circumstances we must attribute the slowness with which the projects of the Greeks were seconded. They were assured that they should have every succour they required, and much more: money was sent, but not much of it disbursed; they were enjoined to prepare every thing, but to undertake nothing, till the proper moment should arrive for their acting, which, they were told, depended on many circumstances of which they were ignorant. Lambro in the mean time acted by himself, but could undertake nothing of any consequence. Things remained thus till after the campaign was ended, and prince Potemkin came to St. Petersburg.

“The fate of the armament commanded by the gallant Lambro deserves to be mentioned.

“The Greeks proved on this occasion their love of liberty, their passion for glory, and a perseverance in toils, obedience to discipline, and contempt of danger and death, worthy of the brightest pages of their history; they fought with, and conquered very superior numbers; and when at last they were attacked with an inequality of force, as great as Leonidas had to encounter, they fought till their whole fleet was sunk, and a few only saved themselves in boats.

“Lambro had only resources left to fit out one single ship; the news of a peace arrived; but boiling with indignation at the neglect he had experienced from the Russian agents, and thirsting for revenge, he sailed notwithstanding, and attacked and destroyed several Turkish vessels: he was declared a pirate, and disavowed by Rus-

sia—but overpowered him, and fled in the “The

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sia—but he was not intimidated—at length he was again overpowered; he disdained to strike; his vessel sunk under him, and he again escaped in his boat, and took refuge in the mountains of Albania.

“The conduct of the Russian agents to him was the most scandalous. The peculation of all those entrusted at a distance with the empress’s money was become so glaring and common, that they looked on it as their own property. Lambro was suffered to be imprisoned for debts contracted for his armaments, and was only released by the contributions of his countrymen.

“In the spring of 1791, an armament was prepared in England to sail for the Baltic, to force the empress to make peace. The king of Prussia was ready to co-operate by land. Instead of the fleet Mr. Fawkener arrived at Petersburg. It was still undetermined by the empress, whether she should brave England and Prussia (though from the turn affairs had taken in England, and the arrival of another ambassador, she was assured she had little to fear from our fleet, and consequently little from the Prussian army) or make peace with the Turks on the conditions she had consented to, when she was more seriously alarmed.

“In this uncertainty a courier was kept ready to depart with instructions to general Tamara. The king’s envoy was informed of this circumstance, and would have learnt immediately the contents of the dispatch, which would have made him acquainted with the empress’s resolutions respecting the prosecution of the war, or consenting to peace. The courier, however, was not dispatched. The business was terminated with the king’s joint envoys. Prince Potemkin departed for the army, and on his road learnt the victory gained by Repnin over the vizir’s army, and the signing the preliminaries of peace. Secret orders had been sent to Repnin, as soon as the empress had resolved to conclude a peace, which he fortunately executed; and it is certain that he received a copy of the arrangement made with the king’s ministers, before he signed the preliminaries. Impediments were thrown in the way of the departure of the messenger dispatched to Constantinople, so that he did not arrive till the interference of our ambassador could be of no effect.

“It is plainly to be seen, that though the empress pretended she had of her own accord (and before the arrangement with his majesty was known to her general) concluded a peace, the interference of his majesty in bringing about that event had a weighty effect.

When the news of the signing the preliminaries reached the Russian fleet, it had beaten the Turks in the

Black Sea, and was pursuing them into the channel of Constantinople, where they must inevitably have been destroyed. Had the Russian admiral been a man of more experience, they might all have been taken in the engagement.

“Thus ended a war, which, had it not been for the interference of G. Britain and Prussia, would have placed the empress’s grand-son on the throne of Constantinople; and, had not circumstances imperiously prescribed to them the part they acted, we should have had, in Russia and Greece, allies, which would, long ago, have enabled his majesty and the emperor, in all human probability, to have humbled a foe, which now threatens all Europe with total subversion, and even to become the instrument of emancipating Greece from the Turkish tyranny, not to become an independent people, but to be oppressed by a worse tyranny, under the name of liberty.

“The Suliotes still maintain their independence: they were often attacked by the Turks, but were as often successful; they fought seventeen battles or skirmishes, the last of which had nearly been fatal to them, as appears by the following paper, communicated to me by a drogoman, now in the British service, which will throw much light on the character of the inhabitants of Epirus; and it contains, besides, very curious and interesting matter. The authenticity of what he relates cannot be called in question, as it very exactly agrees with every other account I have received.

(To be continued.)

*A curious instance of the sagacity of the Dog, from Smellie’s philosophy of natural history.*

“There is a dog, at present belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh, who has for some time amused and astonished the people in the neighbourhood. A man who goes through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pye. The next time he heard the pyeman’s bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, siezed him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pyeman who understood what the animal wanted, shewed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog’s mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pyeman, and received his pye. This traffic between the pyeman and the grocer’s dog has been daily practiced for months past, and still continues.”



## ODE TO HEALTH.

BY MR. DUNCOMBE.

Health! to thee thy vot'ry owes  
 All the blessings life bestows;  
 All the sweets the summer yields,  
 Melodious woods, and clover'd fields;  
 By thee he tastes the calm delights  
 Of studious days and peaceful nights;  
 By thee his eye each scene with rapture views;  
 The Muse shall sing thy gifts, for they inspire the Muse.  
 Does increase of wealth impart  
 Transports to a bounteous heart?  
 Does the sire with smiles survey  
 His prattling children round him play?  
 Does love with mutual blushes streak  
 The swain's and virgin's artless cheek?  
 From HEALTH these blushes, smiles, and transports flow;  
 Wealth, children, love itself, to HEALTH their relish owe.

Nymph! with thee, at early morn,  
 Let me brush the waving corn;  
 And, at noon-tide's sultry hour,  
 O bear me to the wood-bine bow'r!  
 When evening lights her glow-worm, lead  
 To yonder dew-enamell'd mead;  
 And let me range at night those glimm'ring groves,  
 Where Stillness ever sleeps, and Contemplation roves.

This my tributary lay  
 Grateful at thy shrine I pay,  
 Who for sev'n whole years hath shed  
 Thy balmy blessings o'er my head;  
 O! let me still enamour'd view  
 Those fragrant lips of rosy hue,  
 Nor think there needs th' alloy of sharp disease,  
 To quicken thy repast, and give it pow'r to please.

Now by swiftest zephyrs drawn,  
 Urge thy chariot o'er the lawn;  
 In yon gloomy grotto laid,  
 PALEMON asks thy kindly aid;  
 If goodness can that aid engage,  
 O hover round the virtuous sage:  
 Nor let one sigh for his own suff'rings rise;  
 Each human suff'ring fills his sympathizing eyes.

Venus from Æneas' side  
 With successful efforts try'd  
 To extract th' envenom'd dart  
 That baffled wise Iapis' art:  
 If thus, HYGEIA, thou could'st prove  
 Propitious to the queen of love,  
 Now on thy favor'd HEBERDEN bestow  
 Thy choicest healing pow'rs, for Pallas asks them now.

What, though banish'd from the fight,  
 To the Hero's troubled sight,  
 Ranks on ranks tumultuous rose  
 Of flying friends and conqu'ring foes;  
 He only panted to obtain  
 A laurel wreath for thousands slain;  
 On nobler views intent, the SAGE's mind  
 Pants to delight, instruct, and humanize mankind.

## ODE TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Somewhat too solicitous about her manner of expression.*

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Survey, my fair! that lucid stream  
 Adown the smiling valley stray;  
 Would art attempt, or fancy dream,  
 To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair  
 In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow;  
 Not all thy art, nor all thy care,  
 Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,  
 With native plants enamell'd o'er;  
 Say, can the painter's utmost skill  
 Instruct one flow'r to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,  
 To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose,  
 And oh may Laura, ere she try,  
 With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat  
 Can every study'd grace excel;  
 Let art constrain the rambling note,  
 And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,  
 By no pedantic rules confin'd!  
 For Laura's voice is form'd to please,  
 So Laura's words be not unkind.

FROM THE KISSES OF BONEFONIUS.

## KISS XXIII.

When forked lightnings flash'd around,  
 And pealing thunders rock'd the ground,  
 Pancharis came with trembling charms,  
 And rush'd into her lover's arms:  
 'Save, O! save this tender form,  
 'Save me from the ruthless storm;  
 'Hide me from this anger'd sky,  
 'Hide, O! hide me, or I die!'

While with gentlest care I prest  
 Her panting bosom to my breast:  
 'Why dost thou call on me, my queen,  
 'To guard thee from this playful scene?  
 'These lightnings but in frolic fly;  
 'With joy these thunders shake the sky;  
 'Rather, sweet girl, with suppliant knee,  
 'Should I protection seek from thee;  
 'Believe me, from thy sparkling eyes,  
 'That far more deadly lightning flies,  
 'And when thou bidst thy swain depart,  
 'Far deeper thunders rend his heart!'

VOI

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